

Kintsugi

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Kintsugi

by [Watermelonsmellinfellon](#)

Summary

Embracing of the flawed or imperfect and highlighting the cracks and repairs as simply an event in the life of an object rather than allowing its service to end at the time of its damage or breakage.(Wikipedia)

Will is the perfect example of this philosophy.

Notes

Kintsugi is when you repair a broken object with lacquer that is mixed with either gold, silver, or platinum. It is supposed to highlight the wear of the object. The object is not considered unusable or ruined, but is celebrated instead. In Japan, the art of kintsugi is respected and the object to have undergone the process is valued even more.

I told my mom about this and she told me to write a fic for it. So I did.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Hannibal.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. [HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON](#). I FOLLOW BACK.

“You want to go into the *junk shop*?”

Will could hear the latent disgust in Hannibal’s tone, but he didn’t care. Will had gotten a lot of things in his life, from junk shops. Some people didn’t know what they had in their possession and often got rid of some very meaningful pieces.

Will liked thrift and pawn and junk shops because there was always something to catch his eye. In fact, his home in Wolf Trap had been decorated with little trinkets he had found at random shops.

Will was already through the door by the time Hannibal had finished his ill disguised, skeptical question.

The inside smelled heavily of dust and true enough, nearly everything in the room was covered in it. He glanced behind himself to see Hannibal steadily keeping his arms close to his body to avoid touching anything.

Sometimes his husbands was too prissy.

With an exasperated roll of the eyes, Will focused on the ‘junk’. Those little things that people didn’t want anymore.

There was a silver spoon. Most people wouldn’t know that it was actually pure silver, and they also wouldn’t purchase it because it didn’t come in a collection. Will would have just been happy to have something to eat with.

Will passed an intricately made doily that made him think of the old ladies he used to meet when he was a cop. They would invite him in for tea and cookies and talk his ear off, leaving him to simply listen instead of having to communicate. A blessing during hard times. Sometimes the elderly just wanted someone there to listen.

Will trailed his fingers over a little rocking horse. He’d never had one. Had always wanted one though, but there was no way to acquire one, nor be able to keep it with he and his father every time they moved. No place for a rocking horse on a small boat.

Will felt a pang in his chest at the sight of knife. A wooden handled, linoleum knife. Unwillingly, his mind flashed back to the last time he had been confronted with a linoleum knife, and he almost flinched at the memory of it.

The blade slicing through his skin in an almost perfect cut. The blood soaking his trousers with a disturbing warmth. And Hannibal's body pressed against his own in torturous embrace that was filled with too many emotions to name at once.

Will tore his eyes away from the object, to focus on other things.

A scarf. An old bicycle. A wooden pipe.

Hannibal's sudden hum of interest caught his attention. When he turned, he found Hannibal cradling something that fit easily between his hands. Upon closer inspection, it was a teacup.

Will wrinkled his nose. He'd never been fond of handleless tea cups and the one in Hannibal's hands was hideous.

"It looks awful," the brunet remarked.

But Hannibal's eyes were riveted on the small container. He looked thoughtful and pleased.

"Not 'awful'. Not in the least," the man disagreed. "I would say that it is cultured. An acquired aesthetic. It makes me think of you."

Will reared back, feeling offended. How many times had Hannibal told him that he was beautiful and amazing, and how none other could compare to him? Will looked absolutely nothing like the cup in Hannibal's hands and he felt offended at even being compared to it.

Hannibal's smile did not dim. Not even in the face of Will's displeasure.

"Kintsugi is the Japanese art of remaking broken pottery, with a lacquer that is usually mixed with gold or silver. This tea cup has weathered extreme conditions and was even broken once, but it was brought back together and is now more beautiful than before."

Hannibal's voice was fond as he spoke, his fingers turning the cup slowly, so that Will could see the individual golden cracks. Uneven and lacking perfection.

"The philosophy of Kintsugi, is to appreciate the imperfections around us. That they are merely just milestones in the creation of everything we see. The damage is not disguised, but instead elevated and appreciated. And the object in question does not lose its worth and is not abandoned or placed on a high shelf to shield it from further danger. It is instead put to use once again, until such a time may come where it will need to be remade again. The damage does not dictate its worth."

Hannibal turned to look Will in the eye. "Yes, this tea cup does make me think of you."

The man walked off toward the counter in order to pay for the cup that he gingerly held in his hands.

Will remained in place, thinking over Hannibal's words.

Hannibal and his shattered tea cups. His analogies and metaphors and philosophies. His strangely touching words and nearly obvious devotion of Will.

Will had eventually come back together, and Hannibal was alluding to the fact that just because Will had suffered, and had been broken to what had seemed to be beyond repair, he'd come back better and was stronger than before. His pieces held together by something far more superior.

In a way, Will really was like the teacup.

Making up his mind, Will turned and plucked the linoleum knife from the table and took it to the counter. If Hannibal was okay with facing the past as it was, and not hiding from it or 'disguising' it, then Will could do the same thing.

Hannibal's knowing gaze was ignored for the most part. Will simply wanted to make his purchase and then leave. No muss, no fuss.

Hannibal cradled his bag as they departed, as if he treasured his new possession. And perhaps he did, in a way.

It was only when they had returned home, and Hannibal had set the teacup with the other dishes, did Will realize what had happened.

"Oh you who was against the junk shop from the beginning, ended up buying something!" gloated Will, unable to help himself.

Hannibal of course, shut him up before he could gloat any further, and in truth, Will could find it in himself to mind. While taunting was fun, kissing was better. And what came after of course, that was a much more preferred method of entertainment.



A/N: DONE!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram fics!

See ya! :D

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End Notes

How was it?

-Yes, to those who recognize it, I posted this on Tumble a few hours ago.

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